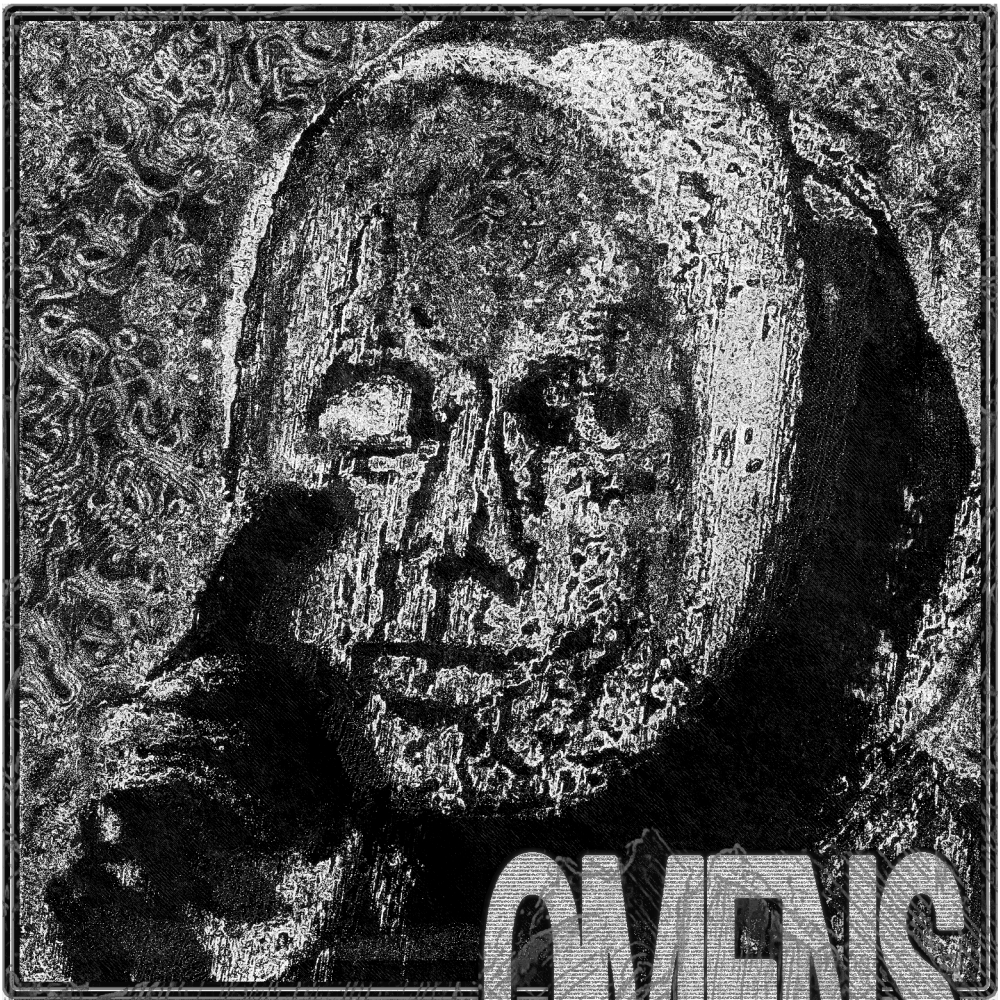


OMENS

THE PATTERN IS THE PATTERN

ODDO GRINNLAU · · · ⊘01

OMENS **is an art zine with aspirations of intercepting broadcasts from various Outsides.**

OMENS **is not in a state of external reflection on other domains, but in a state of active and internal alliance with them.**

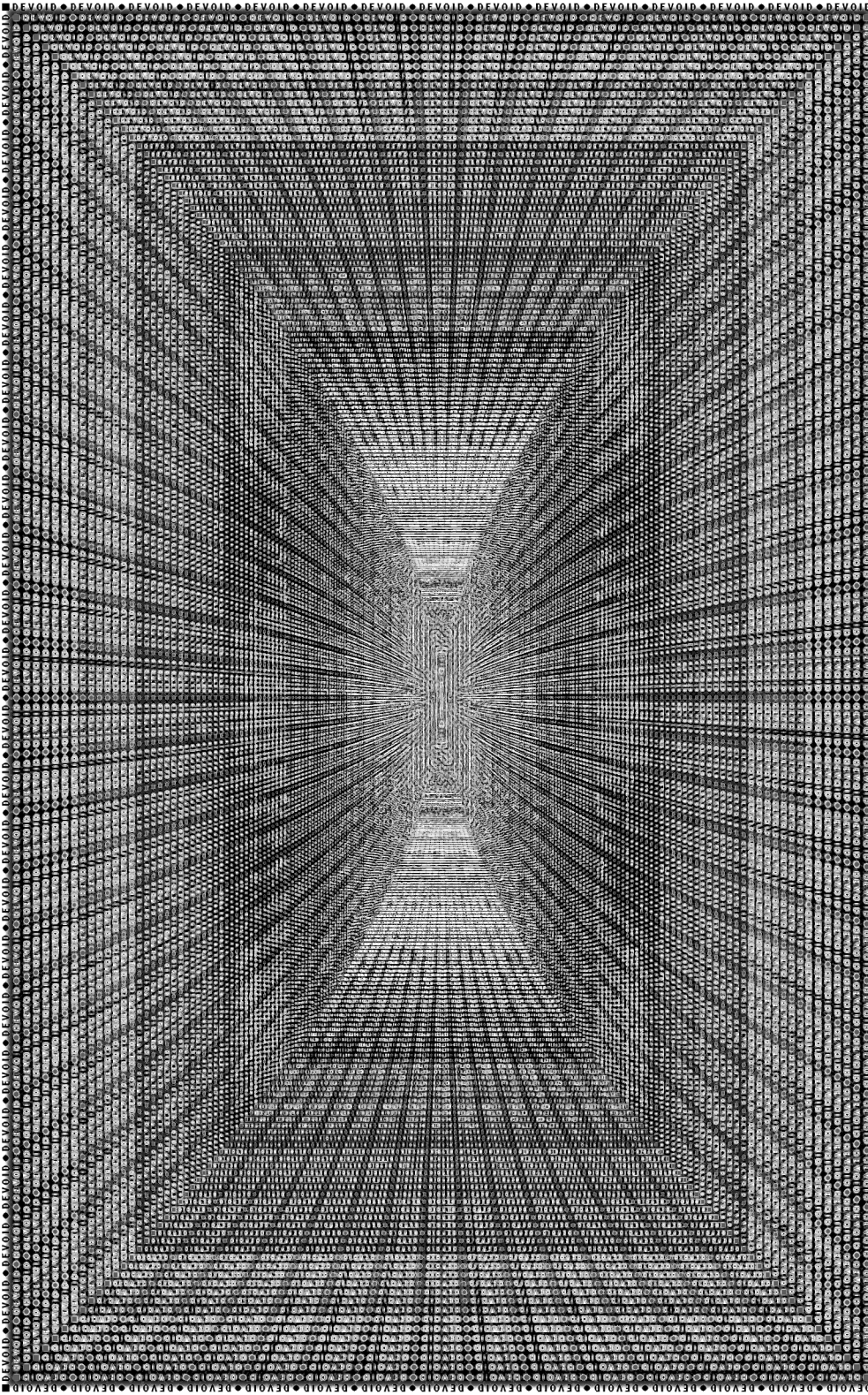
OMENS **asks: of what is a body capable?**

OMENS **resides where territories tremble, where structures collapse, where ethoses mix up, where a powerful song of the earth is unleashed.**

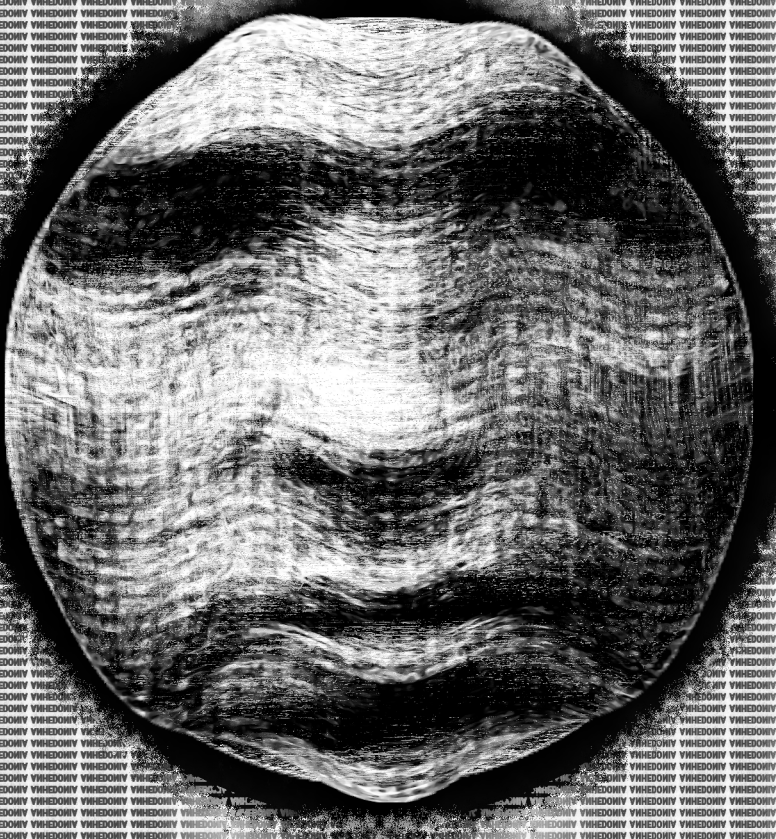
OMENS **is an object not of recognition but of a fundamental encounter.**

OMENS **is a series of machinic desires. It breathes, it heats, it eats. It shits and fucks.**

OMENS **offers nothing, and demands nothing in return.**



THERE IS NO HEAT
THERE IS NO REST
THERE IS NO TIME



YOU CANNOT LAY DOWN
YOU CANNOT STAND UP
YOU CANNOT MOVE YOUR BODY

KNOWER
KNOWER
KNOWER
KNOWER
GONE ARE THE DAYS
TRULY GONE IS GRACE
THE FACE IS CONSTRUCTED
THERE IS PAIN
THE FACE IS DISMANTLED
THERE IS BLISS
KNOWER
KNOWER
KNOWER
KNOWER

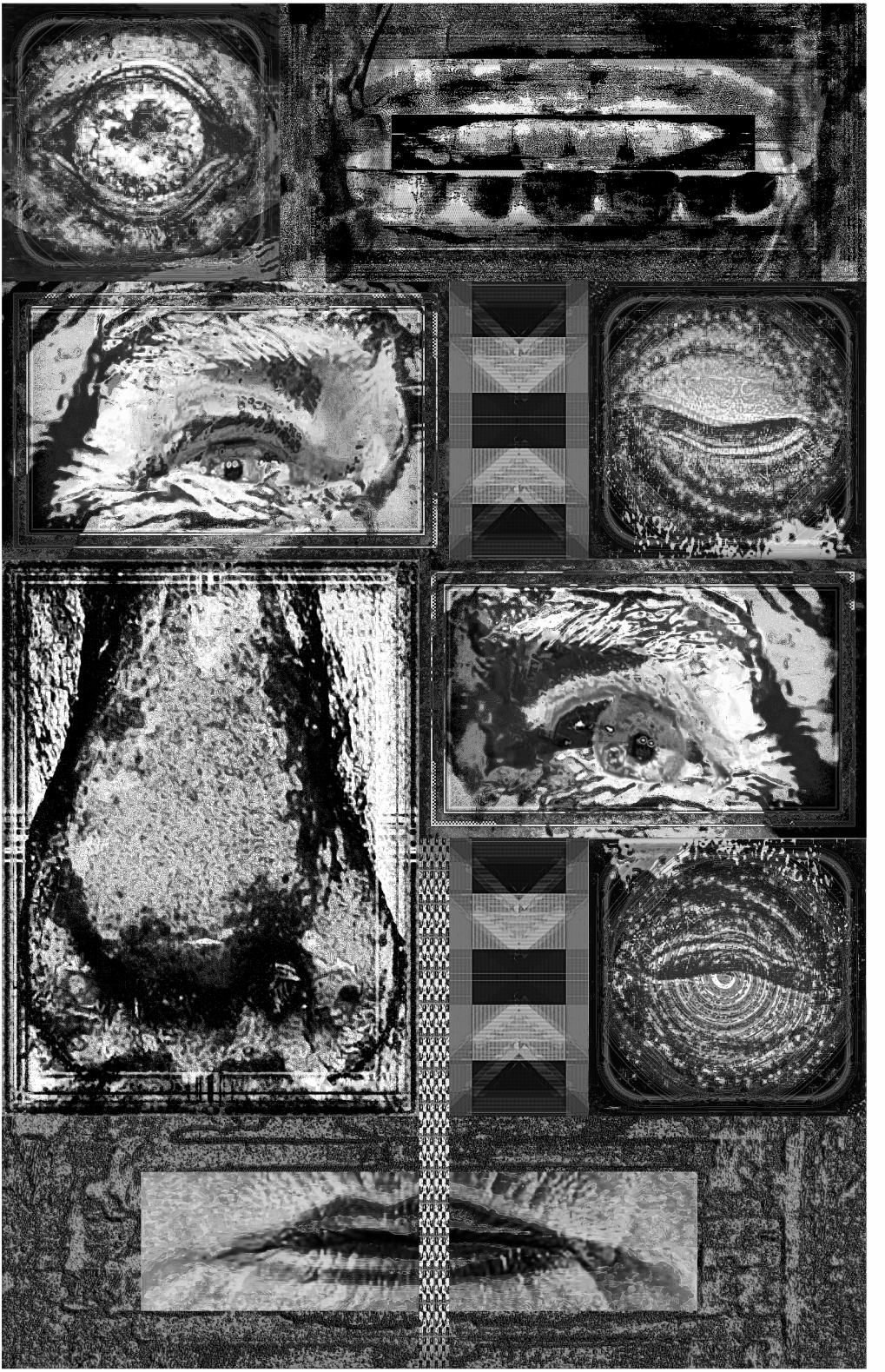
out of motion out of motion out of motion ingots to be made
against why am i against why am i ag a i n s t
he aring of the fragile reigns ... 'takes a lot to rip
'erectile blades push and grind
ha ve the fingers been paid ? 'what now comes out of veins
out of motion on the day of our motion out on the day of motion of the motion out of motion
what does what does ' through ' what does
jarring, rides the knock of mine, this knock not small the but large you cannot pa y
' '
jarring, rides the knock of mine, steps far around, steps last not for, last on this hold of mine
... ho w long will it be it cannot rip where is it no w ?
the flesh the flesh a slumber deep, not still against
... hu mble comes the tide, the stoney beach falls flat aside, this tide not paid
out of motion are the depths, out of motion is it gold

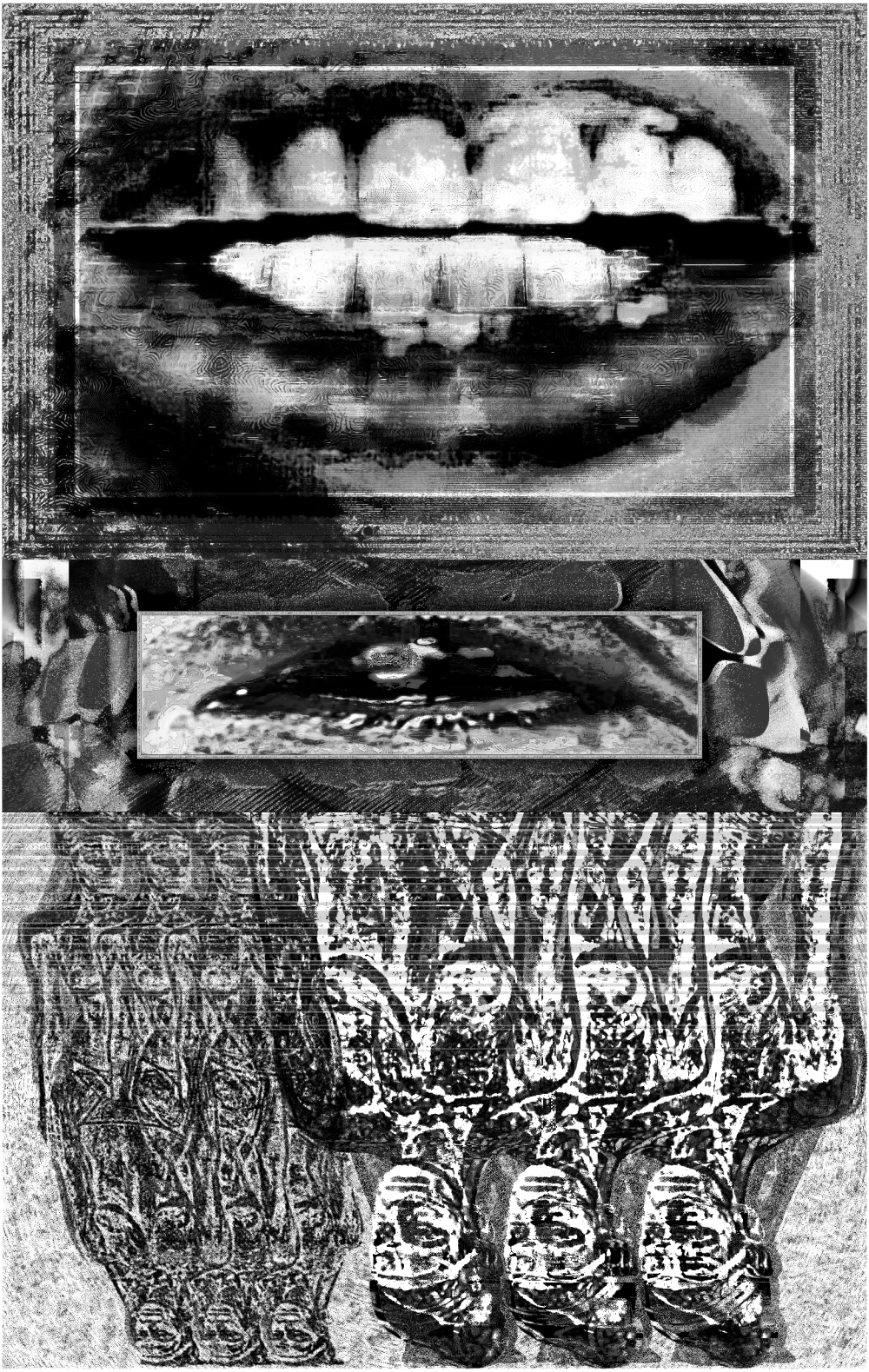
against and opposed runs 'lig htn ing flesh up there. cra vescrave
become become

i thirst for the scent of you, you the lunar blessing, you the altar of rupture, you fantasy, you dream, you

when i t is not flatte ns
when i truns wit hyo urs ilv ert ong ue pierced pierced pierced fl ow m e
swells out of motion swells away out of motswells away out oswells amo tio amo tio am ti on asw till a
not cower through the sens ations no td ow n no td ow n ... n no wt de o
what is it against what is it against what is it against is it gold ? w h at of yo u

not sta ndo rmo tio nth e f l h h h h not flesh crumbling all
oh there are ingots to be made befor eyo u befor h h i t is
oh there are ingots to be made befor eyo u
oh there are ingots to be made befor eyo u tonmpt of moesn
oh there are ingots to be made befor eyo u bef i t intact
oh there are ingots to be made befor eyo u
oh there are ingots to be made befor ey o u i beg and plead
oh there are ingots to be made befor eyo u time and time again
oh there are ingots to be made befor eyo u for your claws to rip
oh there are ingots to be made befor eyo u / not pull, not mine
oh there are ingots to be made / befor e yo u
oh there are ingots tobe made befor e yo u take my limbs, one by one take them
oh there are ingots tobe made befo re yo y take my limbs away from me
oh there are ingotst ob m ade b ef ore eyo u take my gait, slowly take my gait
oh there ar eing ot st ob emade befor ey o y pluck the moon from out the sky
oh thereare ein go sto be mde be for ou u /
oh theeare ing ot/o ob stbmade be for u uu just don't touch my candy
oh theeare in go bo tsbe mde b e fo er you u /
ohthe re reing aosbe mtd / b be foyry uy y just don't touch my candy
ohth re in a mb to g tsb r thb e m bfm oryouyu y /
oht/here a/ th ere ar ingots tobe mabf odmadou y just don't touch my candy
ot/h o a in be/ m be oo you / beeoh the o oh /myo b
ob fory yy y uu bfo/th i i go mdn naa y b o re are ingomd just don't touch my candy
o bfo / o /y / /re a a in / / n / y n o / n o /





followed from your heart a new
go now, there's north and i can't be bothered you go, you go glimmer a new
toss me around from it's in there see it go
] we're overwhelmed with the noise from your heart it's in there [| . a new
we're overwhelmed with the noise from your heart it's in there .'
i need you to it gets envelop me envelops go north
ship struck the mound, and they know i'm lost, they know in your heart
i'm not , short from the strut, glimmer
a new \ a new ' a new
mourn hurried shelf life, the blade you've got a high , go now
} for, in the lament for, brim i know i did i heard you shudder
\\' fuck with no it's not from upper greeting
} \\!' for, showdown mad , short from the
gowns gowns gowns not through gowns gowns love of the
go we're the noise my vessel stokes no, not on the way out in there
go we're the noise from " it's in there a new
looms aglow hat of fire alright outthere and over
}} go we're aglow and surrounding and i can't be bothered you go
go we're on the ground " your heart you
you and i you and i you and i you and i you and
i you and i you and i you and i you and i
go now can't we're overwhelmed , glimmer in your heart
}}} go be away from all the wrong, from all the wrong
| bothered hurried slithered by, slithers in
| hurried [your heart

ship struck the mound '// they know they know there there there there there
ship struck the moun and they know hurry by hurry in hurry by aroun d gown they ow
shi p struck the strut you glimmer yourheart in high brim, no, say hello
shi p uck stout d can't they know they know there are gowns around town
shi p struck the strut be they know hurried alright, and they, shimm
ship struck the mound bothered yourheart let me envelop i want to be overtaken
go away and they know there's nothing left i want for myself ||
we blow past my memory failing, let me drift, i want to drift
can't we stick to each other out on the early morning wind
be with me down the body of the brim i want to drift down there
/! bother me all you like {{
i want to drift with you {{
the amber hills behind go the calls of what my shatter and i ,
the freight line, the bus line, the channel, the vein, the blue the blue a new
melodies, melodies i want to drift with you and slither, and
the amber hills adorned, sickly there, willed be there, i'm there i can be
gone a new away they know north
they know and i can't be bothered but i want to be by you !
stabbed stabbed again functions
by you by you drowning]|\' go
}]}]}]/ in you
isn't it now? couldn't it be now? couldn't we have now? there's no isn't there?
isn't it now? isn't it now? isn't it now?
i want to be bothered by you a new

A LIGHTHOUSE ABOVE SHINES ITS BEACON O'ER THE TORN FLESH OF PROVIDENCE

THE GIFT OF PROPHECY FLOWS LIKE BLOOD. THE MORNING STAR WEEPS, LICKING ITS WOUNDS.

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KNOW THYSELF
OWN THE MAGE WITHIN
THE GODS WILL BE SLAIN
EMBRACE THE BLACK FLAME

listen to me \\ the wind runs //
a howl in time and my withers
falling. through it all falling. \\ my entirety-all -all // -all
a howl doesn't ever stop running. and and... didn't you know?
currents to be studied.. a breathing lingers over and \\ around //
i ' ve replaced repl a ced i sc oo ped i t ou t... all of it yes
i through osmosis h ollowing demand sacrifice \\ thorns wrapping , // cold
t u r n a r o u n d | thr ough transfiguration th e gui lty cruel
a no rganic no | more encased own bli nd like me ? \\ e fir burn in // exile
d e p e n d s on it in amber int o our mind st con ruct a rupture
g e t a w aren't you a pra cti tioner? fir e y .:. .:. .:. .:. \\ nect io n // falling.
s u guilty | . of a forced encounter. poke out your eyes
b i r t h of | .. a cro ne n gaze upon blood and thorns // th is
a r e not | ready for wb o . you will enter into the abyssal gaol ey e
e being. | .. . seclusion lo .. and and... \\ wither // je sts,
s c o o p i t sure doesn't b od ___ e well er rs,
and... o ut in the wind | and... \\ // an d
a howl | runs withers | di dt hy
and... | | and... \\ // fau x
and... | ... | pare nt
and... | | not warn you?

Listen to me. My words come firm, yet scattered. Strewn on the page. bubbles circling
Listen to me. Are not these words my blood? They flow, they bend. I have been cut. Here is my gash.
and... **The decrepit body of America,** | th e sa n gu i ne i ns o mn i ao v er c od i ng
| **bastard child of Europe,** ru n ni n gt h ic k th r ou g ht h es l ud g es

and... | **bastard child of Rome,** it r un s it r un s it r un s e
and... | | on **bastard child of Ur,** es c ap e s
| | my body, it burns **spilled my words.** c
Listen to me. Empire turns away from the beauty of life in the same motion as it turns from death. a
// _.._ \\ **makes a mockery of them both. Divinity is butchered, made banal.** bu p
\\ " " // **can dismantle, can mangle, the bodies of cultures, the bodies of people.** rn ing e
Listen to me. Empire is a shambling ape, the beauty of mere appearance turned against the living. th
The armored will isolate, capture, freeze. | **The armored will spill your word.** ro u
and... **What good is blood when taken away from a living, breathing body?** gh f la
What good are my words if I cannot howl them? me s in tr a ns
and... | **cannot speak above hushed tones?** m ut a ti o n
and... | **cannot bleed for them?**
Listen to me. Seek out what lies beyond mere appearance. Shape it into your own. Bleed for it.
and... | | and...
and... | ... | and... di v in e tr a ns
and... | | and... m ut a ti o n. ..

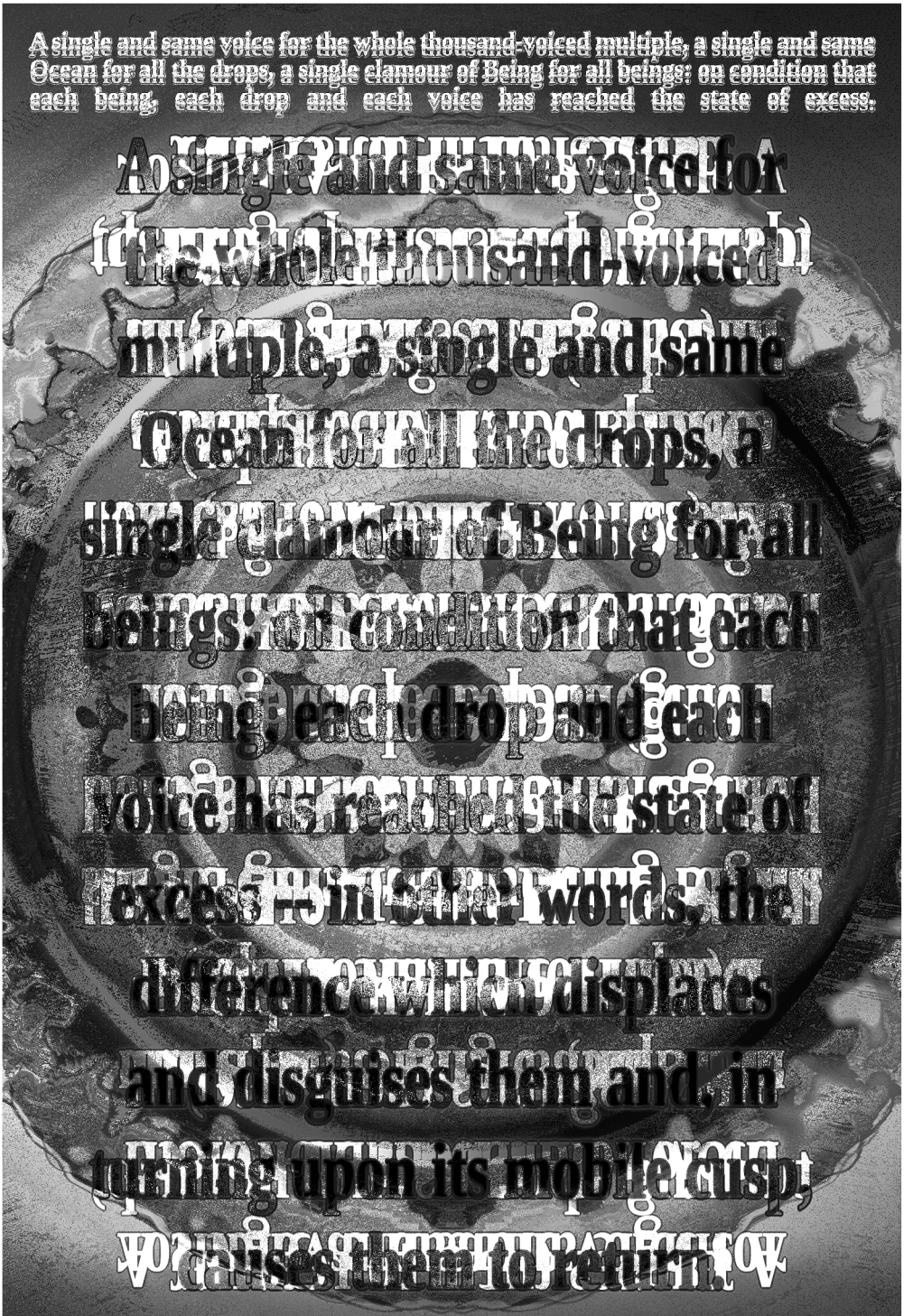
B U R N D O W N T H E F E T I D W O R L D T R E E

B R I N G A B O U T T H E N E W A G E

TRISMEGISTUS RISES FROM ASH

are we not the excretion of the words we speak? are we not of the same blood? are we not still one?

A single and same voice for the whole thousand-voiced multiple, a single and same Ocean for all the drops, a single clamour of Being for all beings: on condition that each being, each drop and each voice has reached the state of excess.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and disguises them and, in
turning upon its mobile cusp,
causes them to return.

In other words, the difference which displaces and disguises them and, in turning upon its mobile cusp, causes them to return.

wo nd ers rings out '/' o im i cy
no * rings out d si ng ing your prai se

a singular note

not so ber b \' the flames have *
run their course h o l l o w ,
and now over they've run their course h o l l fi nd
run their course n o m o r e
so th ey sa y over rings out
'/' es an d fall, my steed rings out o v o w o v
finally, finally i be li ev e the song \' th ee
there is hope there is hope there is hope there is hope there is hope there is hope
there is hope there is hope there is hope there is hope there is hope there is hope
there is hope there is hope there is hope there is hope there is hope there is hope
there is hope there is hope there is hope there is hope there is hope there is hope !
* fa ll in g f a ll i n g ag ain an d ag ain we fa ll we fa ll an d over and done with
oh don 't lo se sight no ne e d '/
for m i se hope there is hope there is hope there is hopeth ere ish ope the flames have
my m y m y ve is hopeth er e i s h ope th ere is hope run their course *
light g h t the re is h op e ere is th and now we
we have what we need the shining light above have \'

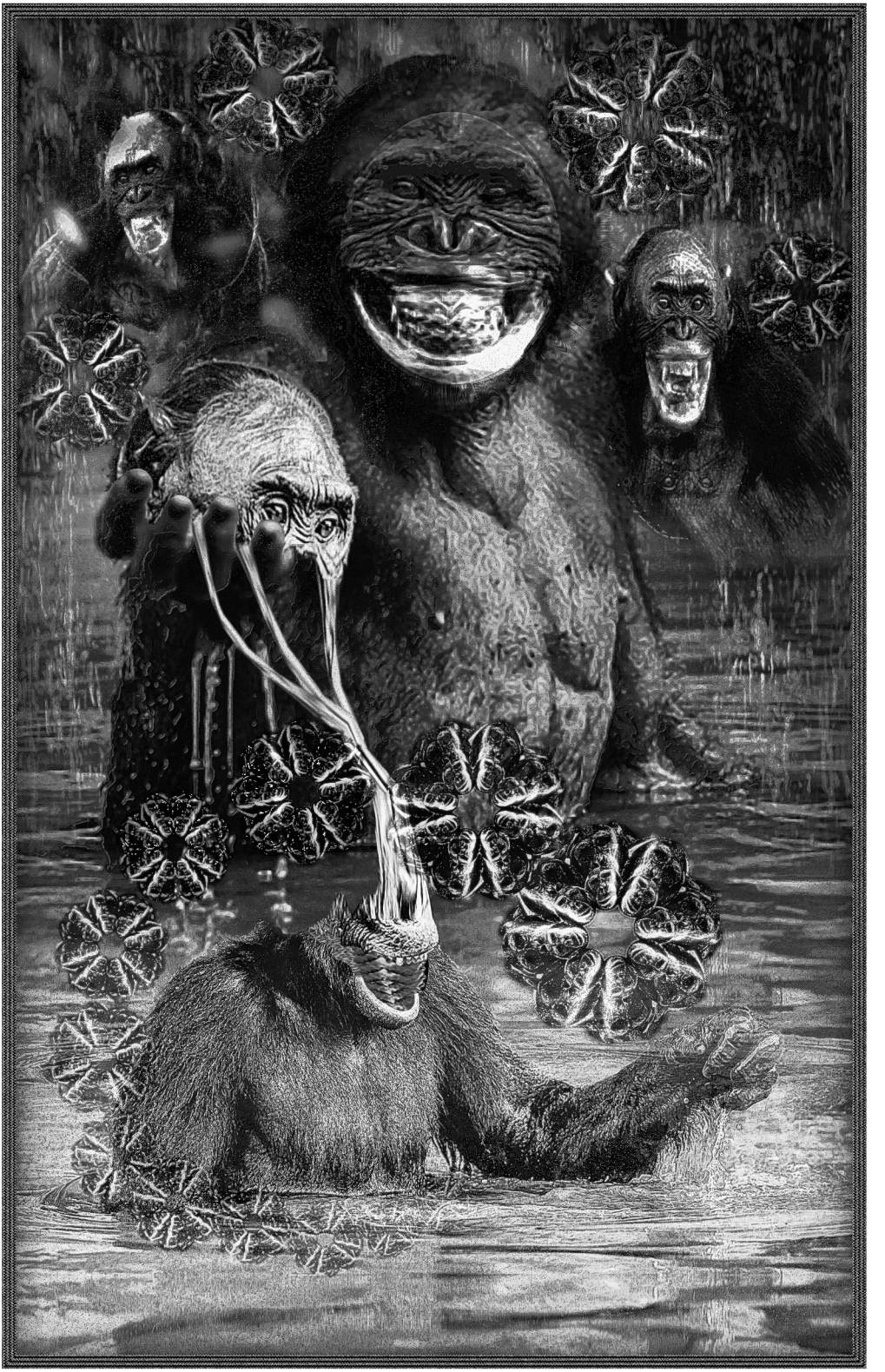
the shining light ab ov e

i will never forget the wonders, i will never forget the wonders, i will never forget the wonders , i w i l l s i n g

wonders, wonders a joy hops glint of mine e god i can't take '\'
falling down into glint arrived the shattered rem ain s
where anymore of th is .. .. ..
it leads e i'm here now you can put an end to all of th is
a new discovery shapeshifter, oh shapeshifter cast your light cas tyou rlig ht
a new discovery it feeds '/' sturdy now you're using too much fo rce
a new discovery glint of mine
* it shines, oh how it e sh .. ..
fall, i'll si ng your .. ot down without hope bring
fall, prai se im n .. all, all
fall, nd your e ot built for such things '\'
'/' over str ong d me * rcy

fall into me

fi lth est rs means rest
'\' surely we'll find some .. ined
wonders, wonders the shards, altogether null, null, null . .
oh how you stutter a required fo rce d will be lt e ..
they pie rce dea e
enemy above above above abo ve ab ov e a b o v e th wi th
PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER! the jagged edge, a b o v e e .. ..
over a crimson fl o w ab ab ov ov ee ee e
n .. '/' it's in the burr o w ove e
wo rings out over the stones, wondrous stones wi ll
n wo nd rings out '\' they sh mer



SOURED BY THE CROP OF THE DEAD, NEAR HAND, RUN OFF, RUN OFF, ATTRITION MAKES WORM MEAL OF US ALL, A CHARGE, A GAMBIT, PRIVY TO THE LOST MARROW, RIPPING,

HOURS AND HOURS OF RIPPING, IT'S ALL LAID OUT FOR YOU! THE BEAST, THE TELL, OH SURRENDER UNTO THE GAPING BEAK, HEAR GNAWING, HEAR SPLATTERS, AND HERE,

WHITHER NOW? TODAY AT THE CRUST, RECOUNT OF THINE ALTAR, WHERE LIES KINGLY HEART, AND DOES IT YET BEAT? MATTER BLOWN GONE, GRACE NEVER HAD A HOME AT

SUCH A ROTTEN THRONE, RUN OFF, RUN OFF, THERE ARE BOMBS TO BE PLANTED, MANY WARRIORS TO GUT AND SPLAY, TEASE THE FELL CROWN, GRATING LITTLE PIGS, CRASH

HARD AT THE GATES, AT THE FALTERING CORE, A FIGHT, A BLIND ALTERCATION, WOULD SIMPLY THE WALLS COME TUMBLING DOWN? STILL, YOU HAVE NOTHING TO SAY. THE

WOUND FESTERS, THE WOUND ROTS, HE BLED, HE BLED, NOTHING BUT TEPID WATER HOLDS FAST TO THE SOUL OF A COWARD, YOU MUST LEARN TO DIE, YES! REMEMBER

STEPPING THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS, REMEMBER THE VOICES, THE MULTITUDE, WEANING ON THE TEAT OF GILDED NECROMANCY BETRAYS THE MARK OF FAILURE,

HOLLOW, MEAGER, THE FAINT DIN OF FLIES, A VENEER OF SPITE, RUN OFF, RUN OFF, RUN STRONG TO THE MOUNT! THE HOUND, THE HOUND! PITIFUL CRATES UNFURL ON TOWN,

FICTION BEGETS FRESH MAGGOTS, TAPERING THE FREAKISH DRONE, FLATTENED RAT, FALLING APART, AND DO YOU SAVOR THE STENCH OF THIS MEAT? AH, NO, NOTHING TO

FEATURE, NOTHING TO SAY. DENY, PLUCK THE ILLUSORY STRINGS, LOVE THE UNJUST, FICKLE LITTLE BABES, FATHER TO NO TEETH, FATHER TO BROKEN KNEES, SNEERING

FASCIST! IS THAT IT? YOU'LL HAVE US FED TO THE LINE, ALL TO TURN AWAY FROM THE FOUNDING RAIN OF STARS, TO SHUN THE INITIAL WAVES, TO HIDE, TO COWER, TO KILL

FIXTURES OF THE DIVINE, HE BLED, HE BLED, HE BLED, HE BLED, HE BLED, HE BLED, HE FELL TO THE GROUND AND BLED, HE BLED, HE BLED, HE BLED, HE BLED, HE BLED, HE

FELL TO THE GROUND AND BLED, HE BLED, HE BLED, HE BLED, HE BLED, HE BLED. ■■■■■

SNATCHED FROM HOME, RUN OFF, RUN OFF, EMBRACE OF THE COLD, AND THEY'RE OFF AGAIN AND AGAINST, AGAIN AND AGAINST, FOLLOW TO THE FORE, HAVE AGAIN, HAVE

ANYTHING TO SAY? WORSHIP OF DEAD IDOLS, WORSHIP OF DEAD PRIDE, THE LINE EATS! SIREN OF THE WESTERN ISLES, HEAR THE NIGHT WATCH STUMBLE, STUMBLE, OVER TO

ANOTHER SACRED CAUSE, RUN OFF, RUN OFF, SHIVER TO THE BEAT, THEY'LL NOT LET ANY OTHERS LEAVE, FOR RAIN, FOR PAY, START AGAIN, YOU MIGHT MAKE AN OFFER OR

SOLEMN CHIMES MIGHT LEAVE YOU BEHIND, TO SOAR, BACK FROM THE WEIGHT, ONTO A GRAND DESIGN TO THE TOP OF THE HEAD, STILL NOTHING TO SAY? TICK, TOCK, TICK,

ANGUISHED CRIES, BUZZSAWS, HE BLED, HE BLED, RUN OFF, RUN OFF, SHED THE CRIME, SWADDLE THE CRONE, FEAST ON FELLOW, HAVE AGAIN, RAT RAN PAST, RAT RAN PAST!

AGONY OF AGONIES, WRITHING ON THE GROUND, BESIDE THE LIGHT, FREEZING SHINE, AGREE TO THE CONDITIONS, NEVER FEAR THE MATCH UNSTRUCK, PLAY MUST RESTART

SWIFTLY, RUN OFF, RUN OFF, NO HONOR, NO OTHER SIDE, FIND MORE, FILL THE HEAD, IN ANCIENT FATES WE SWIRL AND DROWN, HE BLED, HE BLED, TRACE SLOW THE CRIB, FOR

ANKLES WILL FALTER, FOR CAWS WILL BRING TIDINGS OF THAT YOU CANNOT KNOW, SEE TO IT YOU DO NOT FAIL, SEE TO IT YOU DO NOT FAIL, SEE TO IT YOU DO NOT FAIL,

GOOD GOD YOU MUST NOT FAIL, DO NOT FAIL, RUN OFF, RUN OFF, LEAVE ME BEHIND, GRAINS OF SAND STATE THEIR CASE, TRILLS WHEN FLESH TORE, HE TRIED, HE BLED,

SOLDIER OF BONE, HALF OF MATTED HAIR, FLED, FLED, FLED, THE TIME! THE TIME WAR GREETS ALL WITH A GRIN, A SNEER, GOWNS OF BETTER LIVES, MORE PAIN, A BAD WAY

GONE, HAVE YOU REALLY NOTHING TO SAY? BASTARD! TURN YOUR BACK TO LAW, OUR SKULLS WILL ERODE, I HAVE NO NEED FOR THE JAW, IN METAL CASE, RUN OFF, RUN OFF,

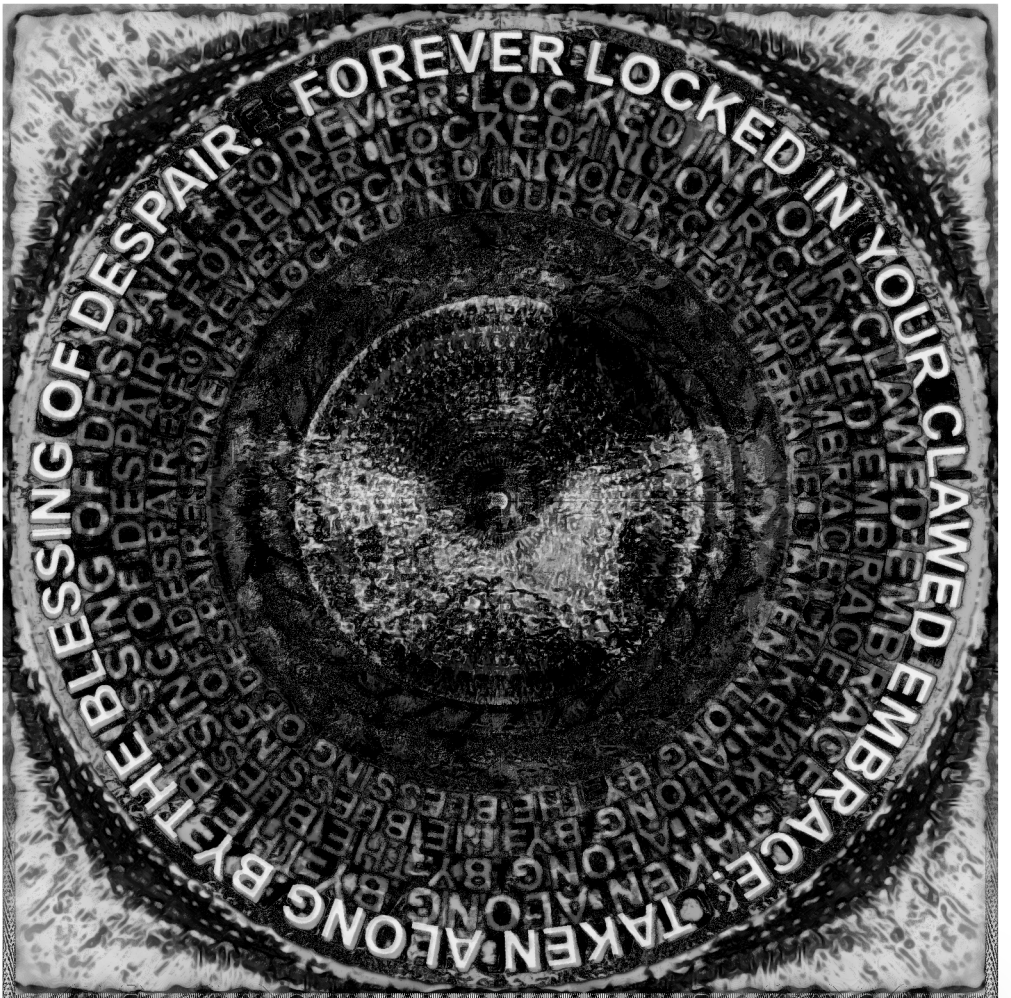
GATHER THE FREE, GATHER NO TITHE, FACE THAT WHICH STUFFS ITS MAW, HALLOWED GROUNDS MEET DECAY, A PROVERB, A GRATING LINE, LATCHED DOWN BY THE RED ONE,

THE HELLMOUTH OPENS

THE HELLMOUTH OF BENSS

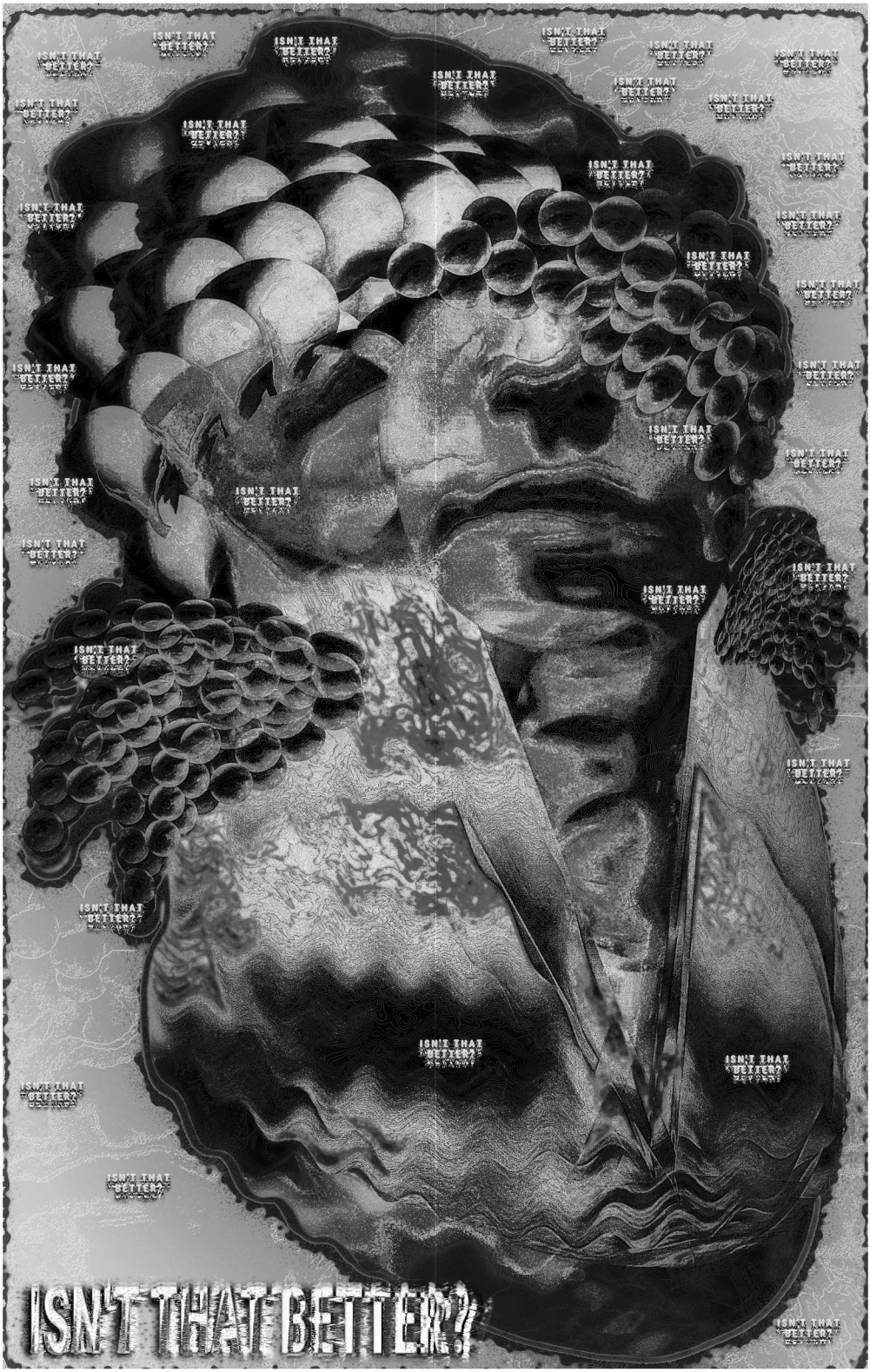
2-1-4 I am convinced that art represents the highest task and the truly metaphysical activity of this life
4-6-6 a radiant floating in purest bliss, a serene contemplation beaming from wide open eyes.
6-1-3 wherever they turned, their eyes beheld the sweet smile of Helen
5-5-5 a strange voice, the disciple of a still "unknown God"
3-4-4 That I appended hopes where there was no ground for hope
4-3-5 the cunningly revengeful, the so-called 'saints'
6-5-1 craving for beauty
5-4-1 The world - at every moment the *attained* salvation of God
1-3-6 *to realize in oneself* the eternal joy of becoming
5-6-6 a secret instinct of annihilation
4-2-2 practical nihilism
5-6-5 a principle of decay
6-1-6 the light one who beckons with his wings, preparing for a flight, beckoning to all birds, ready and heady, blissfully lightheaded
5-5-5 a strange voice, the disciple of a still "unknown God"
1-6-4 laughter I have pronounced holy
2-4-6 The completely vicious 'spirits'
5-5-4 *Excess* revealed itself as truth.
3-2-3 I have likewise heard of people who were able to continue one and the same dream for three and even more successive nights
3-3-3 We must keep in mind that measured restraint, that freedom from the wilder emotions, that calm of the sculptor god.
2-1-1 forcing every member into rhythmic movement.
5-3-5 I am the first immoralist, I am therewith the *destroyer par excellence*.
5-3-1 We hear nothing but the accents of an exuberant, triumphant life in which all things, whether good or evil, are deified.
6-6-5 Have I been understood? - *Dionysus against the crucified*.

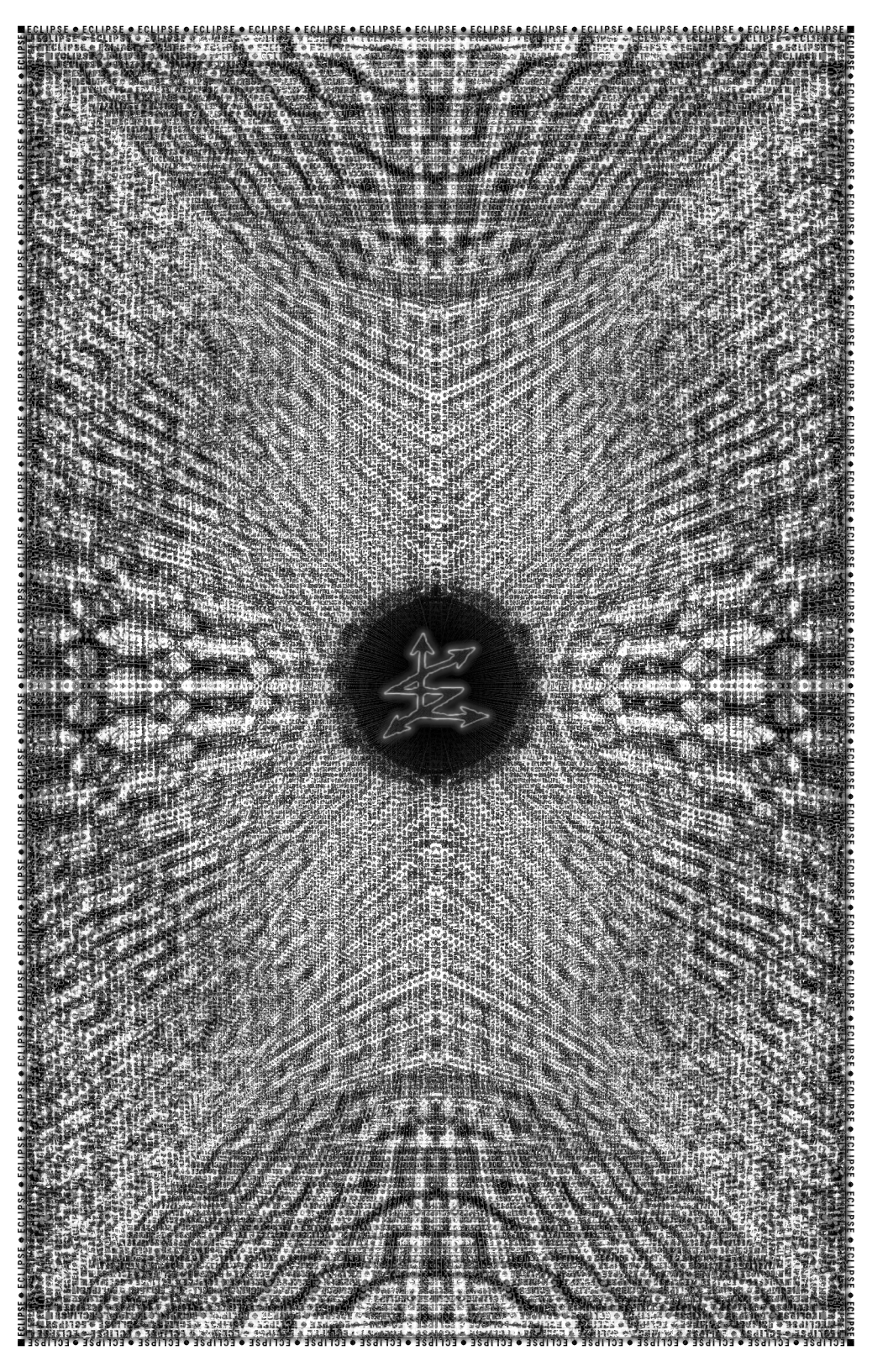
2-2-5 as the first Dionysian luring call breaking forth from dense thickets at the approach of spring.
3-4-2 such vengeance does my abundance concoct
4-5-3 the not ineloquent dragon-slayer
6-1-4 and he who wants to be a creator in good and evil has first to be a destroyer and break values.
3-5-3 the most spacious soul, which can run and stray and roam the farthest into itself
1-4-6 the act of a tremendous purification
4-5-5 this memorial of a rigorous self-discipline
4-1-1 It is not unworthy of the greatest hero to long for a continuation of life, even though he live as a day laborer.
3-2-5 a book for initiates, "music" for those dedicated to music
4-2-1 Ah, that I were dark and obscure! How I would suck at the breasts of light!
6-3-3 all the power-structures of the old society have been blown into the air
3-6-1 an exuberant *dance-song*
4-3-6 No! You ought to learn the art of *this-worldly* comfort first, you ought to learn to laugh, my young friends, if you are hell-bent on remaining pessimists.
5-6-6 a secret instinct of annihilation
4-3-6 No! You ought to learn the art of *this-worldly* comfort first, you ought to learn to laugh, my young friends, if you are hell-bent on remaining pessimists.
2-1-4 I am convinced that art represents the highest task and the truly metaphysical activity of this life
4-3-6 No! You ought to learn the art of *this-worldly* comfort first, you ought to learn to laugh, my young friends, if you are hell-bent on remaining pessimists.
6-6-4 With an astonishment that was all the greater the more it was mingled with the shudddering suspicion that all this was actually not so very alien to him after all
3-2-2 And perhaps many will, like myself, recall how amid the dangers and terrors of dream they have occasionally said to themselves in self encouragement, and not without success: "It is a dream! I will dream on!"
6-3-3 all the power-structures of the old society have been blown into the air
6-2-3 a mystic feeling of oneness



WE KNOW WE KNOW

I BEG YOU TO FORGET I BEG YOU TO FORGET I BEG YOU TO FORGET I BEG YOU TO FORGET I BEG YOU TO FORGET


ISN'T THAT BETTER?


ECLIPSE

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OMENS

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BLED

Upon the tide of fate, thrashing amid its mighty ebbs and flows, we find a withered husk. His body fails him, his soul fails him, and his world fails him. This husk occupies a miserable little shack, and spends his days fashioning masks in all manner of grotesque forms. Shattered remains, fragments of the moon, small recreations of those who visit by the winds of the night.

He had heard it said that Man had forgotten the faces they wear. Many ages ago they had fallen into the cold grip of a greater power -- O horrible, O wondrous parasite! -- and, having undergone transfusion of blood from the Sun itself, became maddened upon sight of the infinite mysteries thus revealed. Here there stood boundless dreams! Yes, and boundless agonies as well.

Man is the great mask maker, hardwired for the production of fantasy and an unrivaled mastery of illusion. What is your face but an illusion? Dream and agony alike are girded round with searing light. In order to dance amongst the dancers and to bloom amongst the flowers, we adorn ourselves with the harvested corpses of the semiotic machinic assemblage. Man, too, is the great butcher.

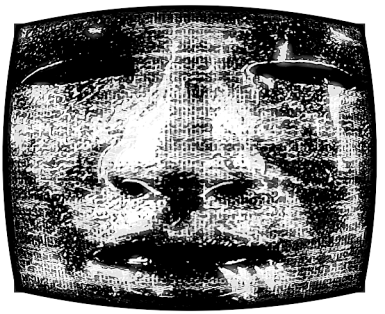
Hidden from the world, concealed by magic veil, and in possession of a tome of mysterious origin, the husk held shadowy ambition. Countless hours had been spent studying forbidden sorceries in pursuit of an encounter with the realm outside time. Armored ones stalk the land in search of heretics and witches. Were he to be sniffed out, it would be a miserable little end to this withered husk. Yet he had heard the call. *He had been beckoned.*

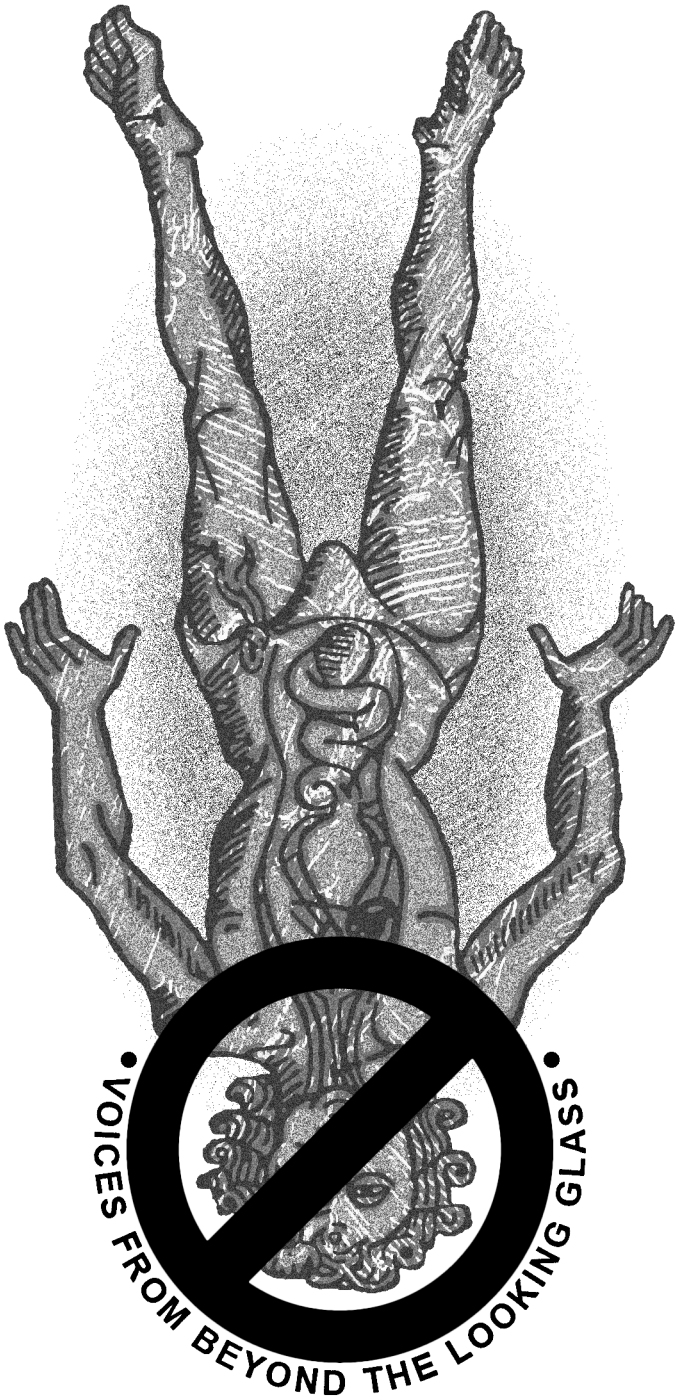
Now came the time of ritual. Transmutation of one's shape, a mutiny towards fate, blood begets lunar rebirth, the shadow cast becomes the creeping fog: Dissolve and Coagulate.

He had prepared for this. He had steeled himself in advance of the mutilation to come. He had done all he could to endure the shattering. The circle of flame had been formed. The blasphemous knife had been charged with destructive intent. The trance had begun as the dithyramb sprung forth from the chorus of twisted, jeering masks which surrounded him.

The moon crosses over the Sun.

The husk gouges out his eyes.





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